But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.
*Prin.* Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.
*Kin.* Thy owne wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*
*Boy.* Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.
*La.Ro.* Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
*Boy.* I would you heard it grone.
*La.Ro.* Is the soule sicke?
*Boy.* Sicke at the heart.
*La.Ro.* Alacke, let it bloud.
*Boy.* Would that doe it good?
*La.Ro.* My Physicke sayes I.
*Boy.* Will you prick't with your eye?
*La. Ro. No poynt*, with my knife.
*Boy.* Now God saue thy life.
*La.Ro.* And yours from long liuing.
*Ber.* I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

*Enter Dumaine.*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?
*Boy.* The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
*Dum.* A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.
*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
*Boy.* A woman sometime if you saw her in the light.
*Long.* Perchance light in the light I desire her name.
*Boy.* She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.
*Long.* Pray you sir whose daughter?
*Boy.* Her Mothers, I haue heard.
*Long.* Gods blessing on your beard.
*Boy.* Good sir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
*Long.* Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*
*Boy.* Not vnlike sir, that may be.

*Enter*



*Enter Bero*

*Ber.* What's her name in the ca
*Boy.* *Katherine* by good hap.
*Ber.* Is she wedded, or no.
*Boy.* To her will sir, or so.
*Ber.* You are welcome sir, adiew
*Boy.* Farewell to me sir, and wel
*La. Ma.* That last is *Berowne*, th
Not a word with him, but a iest.
*Boy.* And euery iest but a word.
*Pri.* It was well done of you to
*Boy.* I was as willing to grappl
*La.Mn.* Two hot sheepes mari
And wherefore not Ships:
*Boy.* No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) v
*La.* You sheep & I pasture: shal
*Boy.* So you grant pasture for m
*La.* Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though
*Boy.* Belonging to whom?
*La.* To my fortunes and me.
*Prin.* Good wits will be ianglin
This ciuill warre of wits were mu
On *Nauar* and his Bookemen, for
*Bo.* If my obseruation (which
By the hearts still Rhetoricke, disc
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar is* i
*Prin.* With what?
*Bo.* With that which we Louers
*Prin.* Your reason.
*Bo.* Why all his behauiours doe
To the Court of his eye, peeping t
His heart like an Agot with your p
Proud with his forme, in his eye pr
His tongue all impatient to speake
Did stumble with haste in his eye s
All sences to that sence did make th
To feele onely looking on fairest of



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